

Thanks upon Thanks:
 OR, THE
 SUBURBS's JOY
 FOR THE
 City's Election.
 7 Feb. 1686

YOUR Joy (grave *Citizens*) is Ours, we find;
 This Choyce to *You*, This Choyce to *Us* proves Kind!
 We give Commission, that Our Thanks should wait on
 The Kind Electors of Sir *Robert Clayton*,
 Sir *Thomas Player*, *Pilkington*, and Love:

Thus We Our Joy, by This Return do prove.
 For to throw *Papists* out, is all Your Aim;
 Your Thoughts are Ours, they are the very same:
 You Burn the *Pope*, We come to see him Burn'd;
 Our Wrath, like Yours, against his Tribe is turn'd.
 We hate a *Jesuit*, a *Priest* We hate;
 We cou'd Crack *Mussle-Shells* upon his Pate:
 We hate the *Mass*, and ev'ry thing like that;
 Had I but time (Sirs,) I wou'd tell You what.

But now I'll tell You, We do Love all those,
 That are Abhorrrers of a *Roman* Nose;
 And such, last *Fryday*, it appears You Chose.
 We Thank you for Your Choice; This is the way
 To pack both *Pope* and *Devil* quite away.
 They gain no Ground, where such Men do appear:
 They do no *Bulls* from *Roman* Empires fear.
 Such Men, We do believe, they are, as stand
 Zealously for the Int'rest of our Land.
 Their Courage, Wit, and Parts have all been Try'd;
 I'me sure, they *Four* wou'd have been Deify'd,
 Had they done half so much for th' *Roman* Crew,
 As They have done for Us, and done for You.
 Wisely they did Behave themselves, we find;
 All of one Way, all of one Heart, and Mind.
 They shook off Fear, and tramp'd upon Awe;
 On Their Side stood the *Gospel*, and the *Law*.

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This

Thus made them Bold as *Lyons*; every Man,
 Through Thorns and Bryars, for the *City* ran!
 Mildly, and Modestly, they play'd their Parts:
 I do not wonder, that They won Your Hearts.
 Had You Elected others in their steed,
 Surely you'd done a very Evil Deed:
 For, Who could equalize the Parts and Care
 Of *Clayton*, *Pilkington*, of *Love*, and *Player*?
 Your Choyce was like You, Grave, Discreet, and Wise;
 That all Men see, that have not *Papish* Eyes.
 And We, with all Our Hearts, do now Rejoyce,
 That You have made so Good, so Blest'd a Choyce.
 I know that some Men's Hearts, for Grief, do Bleed,
 That You so soon, that You so well Agreed.
 But who are they? Why? They are Imps. of Hell,
 Who when you Act like Angels, think not well.
 They are the Spawn of a devouring *Pope*,
 That Merit nothing better than a Rope.
 The Seed of Evil Doers, who dayly strive
 To keep the *Priests* and *Jesuits* Alive;
 Men void of Grace, Wit, Honesty, and Sense,
 Who itch to pay the *Pope* his *Peter-pence*.
 These Men are they, who are not pleas'd to see,
 That you so well, in your good Choice agree.
 Such we have too too many here (*God* knows)
 Who long for nothing more than Blood and Blows:
 I wish they had them, were they but Destroyed,
 Then Peace and Plenty would be soon enjoy'd.
 The time may come, the time I hope to see,
 That *King* and *Parliament* may well agree:
 Then have at such uneasy Knaves as those,
 Who long have been the *King*, and Kingdoms Foes.
God give the *King* to see those Mischief-makers,
 That they of *Stafford's* Fate may be Partakers.
 Then will the *City* Flourish, Suburbs Sing
 Praises to *God*, and Thanks unto our *King*.
 Oh! How I long methinks to see that day,
 When *Papists* pack their Awls to go away;
 May every *City* do as you have done;
 This is one way I'm sure to make them Run.
 May ev'ry County chuse such Worthy Men,
 Chuse them, and Chuse, Chuse them yet agen;
 Chuse them as oft as they're Dissolv'd, and then, }
 Wee'l have an Hundred to a *Roman* Ten.
 May they make such a Choice in ev'ry Burrough,
 May they Chuse such ev'n all the Kingdom thorough.
 Then farewell *Pope*, farewell thy Plots to boot;
 We shou'd have Peace, when thou wou'dst go without.

J. B.